

The Family

GIVING.

By Mrs. A. R. Perham.

This life is full of giving.

It is a part of living,

Even the little flowers about our way

Give out, unasked, their sweetness,

Their beauty in completeness,

Gives comfort to the weary day by day.

The brooks and rivers flowing,

On to the ocean going.

Give life and freshness as they pass
along.

The birds give songs of gladness,

Which dissipate our sadness,

And cheer us as we listen to their song.

The sun gives heat and lightens

The earth, and the moon brightens

The night, which would be dark with-
out its rays.

All nature gives us pleasures,

Each season has its treasures,

Which bring us blessings all the pass-
ing days.

Let us delight in giving

All that we can while living.

Happy are those who have enough to
spare!

Large gifts are not rejected,

Small ones are oft neglected,

But all can give a word, a song of
prayer.

God's only Son he gave us

That he from sin might save us.

The greatest gift to mortals ever given

All those who will receive him,

Obey him and believe him,

Shall see his face and dwell with him
in heaven.

—Herald and Presbyterian.

THE SWEETENING THAT WAS LEFT OUT.

By Belle V. Chisholm.

When Mildred entertained her classmates at an afternoon tea she prepared the dainty menu—from start to finish—with her own white fingers, and it was her first experience in the fad of cooking, too. To be sure, mamma's watchful eye directed every move in the kitchen's checkerboard that morning, but not once did she lift a finger to assist, not even when Mildred's arm ached beating the fluffy mixture that a few hours later, in the form of a cake, won unstinted praise from the merry samplers.

"It would be less trouble to do the work out and out yourself," insisted Aunt Alice, a bit irritably, wondering at her sister's unflinching patience in repeating directions over and over again.

"That would not be teaching Mildred how to do it," returned the mother sweetly, as she once more gave the signal for "exactness" on every particular, from the cracking of the eggshell at the beginning of the cake-mixture, until piled high with snowy icing, the beauty was placed on the top shelf of the pantry—beyond the reach of meddling fingers, to cool.

"It is delicious," said big brother Ben,

smacking his lips over the generous slice Mildred managed to smuggle to him from the girl's table, in lieu of assistance in entertaining later in the evening. "It is simply out of sight, little girl."

"Almost as good as mother's own," agreed father, eating the unfashionably thin slice doled out to him. "All the objection I have to it is, there is not enough of it."

"I only got one bite—not big enough to be a taste," moaned ten-year-old Della. "And all the girls said it was just splendid—fairly melted in their mouths."

"Milly give me the crumbs left on the plate, cos she said I'd divide with Bud, but Buddy took all and I didn't get the weeniest, teeniest taste at all," sobbed Baby Bell, Bud's twin, ready to cry, outright.

"You poor little mite," said Ben, sympathizingly, "if I had known that, I should certainly have divided with you. Brother is dreadfully sorry, Baby, and if you don't cry you shall have a whole poke of chocolates to make up—after supper, real iced ones too."

"Goody, goody!" exclaimed Bud, clapping his hands gleefully.

"But you took all the cake," said Ben, trying to look severe. "The chocolates are for Baby Bell, who was fooled out of her share by her twin—a boy."

"There was only three crumbs there," whined Bud, "and they just stuck to my tongue when I tried to lick 'em off the plate. I wish Baby had taken half, I do."

"Never mind, my poor little midgets," urged Mildred. "Sister baked that cake, all, all herself, and she'll bake another just like it for you little folks tomorrow."

"All for me and Baby Bell?" began Bud, and then forestalled the charge of selfishness by adding, "But we'll divide with Ben and papa and everybody, won't we, Baby?"

"We'll divide with everybody," repeated Baby Bell, and having restored peace in the family, Mildred went back to her guests as much complimented over the pretty things said around the home board as she had been by the enthusiastic praises of her girl friends.

"Don't forget the cake, sister mine," said Ben the next morning, with peculiar emphasis on sister, after a little scene at the breakfast table in which Mildred's rather unsisterly bearing had "left a bad taste" in his mouth. "Fred Archer is coming home with me this evening and he is specially fond of cake."

"If Fred Archer wants cake he would better stop at home and sample his mother's," Mildred retorted with spirit. "I'm too tired to trouble with cake today."

"But you promised us a cake, Bud and me," said Baby Bell, peevishly.

"Never mind, toddlers; sister Lotty will bake you some cookies, and you and Bud can have a little picnic in the playhouse—all to your little selves," comforted Lotty, the peacemaker.

"Don't mix up with the fuss, Lotty Glenn," snapped Mildred, sharply. "You are always making trouble by your meddling."

"I thought she was turning trouble

aside," Ben said to himself, noting the difference in the sisters' voices. "I can't understand what good Mildred's religion does her," he mused. "She is always in hot water about something, while Lotty, without pretensions about being better than other folks, is so much pleasanter to live with."

Lotty made an effort to right things by apologizing for her interferences, but Mildred was in no mood to listen further than to put a stop to the cookies, by carrying out her own promise regarding the cake.

"I am going to make it out and out myself," she told her mother when assistance was proffered.

"Better let me write the directions out, then," suggested mamma, but—Mildred was contrary that morning, and had her own way about the cake from first to last. "A very good way, too," she told herself when she took it out of the oven, so near perfection that every one pronounced it a success—untasted.

But in this case, as in many another one—the "tasting" proved the crucial point, grimaces instead of praises accompanying the testing process.

"Don't be frightened, children," counseled Lotty, coming to her sister's defense. "There is nothing wrong with the cake, except that one ingredient has been left out."

THE STORY OF BIRDIE.

By Mary Coles Carrington.

My little friend Alice Morse has almost forgotten that she ever owned the pretty name of Alice, for every one calls her "Birdie."

I must tell you about her and you will see how very well the pet name suits her.

When Alice was a little, tiny girl she was, like other babies, anxious to investigate the big world and went creeping all over the floor, with an occasional unsteady run when she could pull herself up on a chair or by mother's dress.

One day, mother left the room for a few moments, leaving Alice happy on the floor with her toys. Instead of keeping quiet, however, the baby sat up and looked about the room, wondering what mischief she could get in. A big rocking chair looked most attractive so she crept over to it and thought it would be fine fun to get in. By trying very hard she managed to get one fat leg over the edge and was just pulling the other up when she heard the door open. Knowing that she was a naughty girl she immediately tried to get down but slipped on the smooth leather seat, and somehow rolled over backwards into a melancholy little heap against the tall brass fender.

Mother picked up her precious baby with many kisses and she seemed little hurt, but, as time went on, it was noticed that the baby did not creep as usual and could not stand when her mother would hold her up.

Her distressed parents took her to see various doctors but all said the same thing, that Alice had hurt her back in that unfortunate tumble and that it must be many years before she could walk.